

The Grix and the Wew.

A Christmas Adventure Of Larry O'Six.

By Willis B. Hawkins.
(From the author's manuscript.)
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It was the morning of Christmas when Larry O'Six fell in and fell out with the Wew and the Grix, and as I wasn't there, I am free from all trace of knowledge concerning the facts of the case. So I venture to say that nobody will doubt my fitness to tell how it all came about.

The mysterious tree which had grown without root had been plucked of the most of its marvelous fruit; the gay-colored candles had burned themselves out, and toys by the dozen lay scattered about, when Larry espied on a limb overhead what looked like a snowball hung up by a thread.

Now, Larry had often played ball within doors, surrounded by walls and by ceilings and floors, but he never had tried it in free open air. Least his ball might be lost if he threw it out there; for, of course, if not stopped by a ceiling or wall, it would simply go on, never stopping at all.

But here was a different matter, you see: "What odds if I should lose a snowball?" said he. So he took it outdoors and with all of his might he slung it and — went on a wonderful flight, as you'll readily see when the fact is disclosed that it wasn't a snowball as he had supposed, but was made of molasses and popcorn, and so it stuck to his hand when he gave it a throw; and he threw it so hard it had nothing to do but spin into space and take him along, too.

If you think he was frightened at finding his fix you are not well acquainted with Larry O'Six: He is fond of adventure, and this was the kind he often had taken before — in his mind. So he settled himself for a jolly good trip and, a little too slaugily said: "Let 'er rip."

He was carried away over houses and trees; He was whisked over mountains and valleys and seas, while the people who saw him go skurrying by supposed a new comet had come to the sky. And they watched him and wondered and reckoned and guessed till he set, like the sun, at the end of the week.

Soon he came to the place where the stars go to stay when the sun is too bright for their eyes through the day.

So easily brief
The anguish of the fearful,
Profoundest grief
Soon finds, alas, relief
And we, poor souls, are cheerful.

How much always
To dwell in ceaseless sorrow!
Yet, ah, who may?
The sadness in our hearts today
Is gone, alas, tomorrow.

And so we go,
Nor gain the priceless treasure,
Since none may know
The joy of never-ending woe,
The misery of pleasure.

The sorrowful song of the Wunpaw reversed
The effect of the one he had listened to first,
So that Larry, depressed by the ohs and the ahs,
Drooped down to the place where he formerly was.

And the Wew, with a flourish, remarked to the Grix:
"Allow me to introduce Larry O'Six."

Now, the Grix and the Wew are a wonderful pair.
They are made of material lighter than air —
'Tis the same sort of stuff as remains ineffaced
When the run of a big letter O is erased —
So, you see, they can fly without ever a wing,
Though, of course, that is not such a wonderful thing,
For a sunbeam can do it and so can a cloud,
And a thistle-down even, it must be allowed,
Not to mention the flight of the green from the trees.
But the Wew and the Grix can do more than all these.
For they're only to think they are absent, and, lo!
They are gone and away without having to go.
That is why, should you happen to see anywhere
A Wew and a Grix, you may know they're not there;
So they're even more marvelous, you must agree,
Than the will-o-the-wisp or the Irishman's flea.

"If you like," said the Wew, "we will show you around."
So Larry set out with the friends he had found,
And they soon introduced him to several stars,
Such as Admiral Neptune and General Mars,
And Saturn, who wears the real chauffeur's belt,
And Venus, the flirt, and O'Ryan, the Celt,
Who spells it "Orion," the comical rogue,
But reveals his descent by his wit and his brogue,
For he jokes the whole day, though 'tis known that the night
Is the time when a star is most apt to be bright.

Then, as somebody said 'twas along about noon,
They all went to lunch with the moon in the moon.

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THE BIG WIND.

Continued from page 10.

other assault smashed a panel in the door and the goat's head came through. A roar of laughter saluted him and confidence was again restored.

"He was lonely out there in the cold," said Mr. Madden sympathetically, as he pulled the goat's head out of the hole. "Come inside, Billy."

The goat accepted the invitation and lying down on the hearthstone began complacently to chew on Mrs. Malone's dress.

"You were speakin about the big wind in Ireland, Mrs. Malone," said Madden encouragingly. "How long ago was that, now?"

"'Twas 62 year ago tonight, jist, and I remember the same as if 'twas yesterday."

"How old are you, granny?" asked Grady, the doubter.

"I'm 63 last May, and every tooth in me head."

"You have a good memory," said Grady.

"Sure I have a better memory nor you have manners, you scut, you," replied Mrs. Malone angrily.

"Don't mind him, granny," said O'Connor soothingly. "That must be a terrible wind entirely you were talkin about."

"Indeed thin it was," resumed the story teller. "There never was such a wind in the world."

"Did it do much harrum?" eagerly queried Moriarty.

"Harrum, man! Well, I'll tell you. My poor old father was comin home wid a jug of whisky to make Christmas punch, when the wind catch him as he was comin around the corner and druv every sup of the liquor out of the jug into — into —"

"Your father?" asked Grady, with a grin.

"Now, see here, Grady," said Mrs. Malone, "I'll not be ballyragged by you anny more, wid your goat whiskers and pig eyes, bad seran to you. Now, you tell the story. Maybe you know what the wind done to the drake."

"It didn't blow the toe nails off him, did it?" asked Grady innocently.

"No," said Mrs. Malone satirically, "but it blew every blessed feather off the poor baste as clane as if he was



MRS. MALONE AND ELLEN RILEY WERE DANCING.

plucked, dorry be, and he came waddlin in the door, smooth shaven as a monk and sat down on the hearthstone to warrum on hisself widout sayin as much as 'Merry Christmas.'

"And vell he might, bein undressed, the poor cratur," said O'Connor, sympatheticly.

"Sicthen he had himself warrumed

TITUSVILLE.
lice at Mrs. J. D. Crabb's.

to his likin I suppose he flew in the boiler pot and cooked himself for the Christmas dinner," observed Grady, adding as an afterthought, "or baked himself in the ashes."

"And quacked himself to death sayin 'Roast duck! Roast duck!' why don't you say?" added Mrs. Malone, while the company burst into a chorus of laughter, which was drowned by the angry blast sweeping down the chimney with cyclonic force, and the cottage shook like a lighthouse in a tornado.

"But, whisper, childer," resumed the story teller as the gale went shrieking away over the meadow. "Whisper, till I tell you what happened the praties. They were bubblin in the pot when the wind came down the chimney and blew them, wather and all, out upon the flure and skinned the jackets off them as clane as you'd do it wid a knife and fork. 'Twas terrible to see the skins flyin around the ceilin like bats in July and the praties doin a jig on the flure."

"You had a fine chance to be playin golf wid the poker, thin, Mrs. Malone," said the irrepressible Grady.

"If I had your wit and your galways, Grady, I'd sell them both for a button to fasten me lip. An ass always brays the loudest when he is empty. Is it hungry you are?"

"I'm starvin for nollidge, ma'am, Sure I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, Mrs. Malone. To listen to you is a liberal historical eddieshun, so it is. But I'm curious to know did the big wind blow the varnish off the clock?"

"No, it did not, for the rayson that it had no fair chance at the clock, becase it was inside the house. But I'm free to tell you that it blew all the paint off the fence and the barn, whether you believe it or no, and Murphey's pig was found in the next county, forty miles away."

"Begorra, that's the first pig I ever heard of that had wings," said Grady.

"I wish you wouldn't be interferin wid

Mrs. Malone," said Madden to the doubt.



THE LITTLE COMPANY LISTENED WITH BOWED HEADS.

er. "'Tis Christmas, and the childer must be amused. Now, keep a still tongue between your teeth, Grady. Here, Mrs. Malone, allanah, take another sup of punch and thin go on wid your story. We are all waitin to hear you. What else did the pig do?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you all of it if I talked for a week," resumed the historian. "It blew all night, and in the mornin the straw in the barn was driven through boards an inch thick. There was so much of the wind that the donkey swallowed a lot of it, swelled up and sailed away like a balloon, and —"

Mrs. Malone's story was stopped by the bell in St. Mary's steeple, indicating that another Christmas had come. The storm had passed away, and stars shone in the vault of heaven as if presaging peace and good will to men. The little company listened with bowed heads to the clear notes of the bell ringing down the valley and dying away in falling cadences. The silence was broken by Mrs. Malone, who said:

"Grady, I hope before another Christmas comes that you will not be so unlucky as our goat was on the night of the big wind."

"He didn't begin to talk and tell the truth, did he?" said Grady.

"Faith, he did not. Sure neither goats nor Grady's ever did that. But we found the goat in the mornin held up ag'in the house by the wind till he froze to death, and when the sun shone on his whiskers, covered with icicles, he looked like a shandelier in a ballroom. You had better shave yourself, Grady!"

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Dr. C. J. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich., says: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia the past month with good results." Wilson & Son.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day of April, 1901, or as soon thereafter as I can be heard, I will apply to the county judge of Brevard county for a final settlement of my accounts and my discharge as administrator of the estate of John Hetherington.
A. C. DITTMAR, Administrator.
Oct. 26, 1900.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given to all creditors that six months from date I will present my final accounts and apply to the Hon. D. L. Gaudin, county judge of Brevard county, Florida, for my discharge as administrator of the estate of Cornelia S. Bass, deceased, and as guardian of Walter J. Bass.
THOS. C. BASS, Administrator of C. S. Bass and guardian of Walter J. Bass.
TITUSVILLE, FLA., November 16, 1900.